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BOOKS FOR PRESENTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch.

MYSTICISMS.

MAY MARTIN:
OR THE MONEY DIGGERS.
A GREEN MOUNTAIN TALE.

BY D. B. THOMPSON OF MONTPELIER, VT.
[UNCLIPPED]

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before our travellers arrived at the snug little village, which like most other villages in Vermont, embraced among the rough hills and clustered round a water-fall, served as the place of business and trade,—the miniature emporium in fact of Harwood settlement, and other parts of the surrounding country to many miles in extent. One glance sufficed to tell Ashley that something of more than ordinary occurrence was afoot among the villagers. Here stood small clubs of men engaged in low and earnest conversation, their horses were being saddled and led out in haste as if for some sudden expedition, while numbers were passing in and out the tavern, one room of which, as seen through the open windows, appeared to be occupied by a dense crowd. Scarcely had Ashley reached the ground and thrown the reins of his horse to the water before shrewd David, running to his side and exclaiming in tones of joyous exultation, "O Mr. Ashley is come," grasped with convulsive eagerness the hand of his old friend in both of his, and burst into tears.

"Why, my little friend David! is this you here—but crying! How is this? What has happened? and what is all this going on here?" rapidly asked Ashley in surprise.

"God bless you Ashley!" cried Mundle now rushing out of the house, "the very man of all others on earth I have been praying most to see! But come with me—I have a story for your ear, and there is not much time to be lost in the telling, as you will thank yourself, I presume, when you have heard it." So saying and taking the arm of our hero, he hurried at what he heard and saw, led him aside, with little David wiping his eyes, and still unable to speak for his emotion, following them close at their heels.

While Ashley was thus engaged his companion of the road had entered the rude piazza which ran along the front of the house, and seating himself on a bench, sat apparently scanning the different faces around him, and listening to such remarks as fell within his hearing, as if willing to gather the cause of the emotion among the people without concerning himself so far as to make any direct enquiries respecting it. He had not been seated here but a moment, however, before the former rushed by him into the house and hastily bespoke a fresh horse of the landlord to be saddled with all possible dispatch. "The horse was all most instantly at the door," while Mundle, with a stout assistant, who in the meantime had out in readiness for a start, now rode up and called on Ashley to mount. As the latter was about springing into his saddle his late travelling companion stepped quickly up and touched him on the arm.

"Do you leave me sir?" said he with some earnestness.

"I must," was the quick reply. "I have just learned that which will urge me on to the settlement much faster than you would wish to travel, but I shall see you there to-morrow—good day sir."

"Nay, one moment—let me but ask whom your unexpected intelligence concerns?"

"Myself."

"No others?"

"One."

"The young lady concerning whom I enquired?"

"Most deeply."

"Enough!—I attend you—landlord, my horse instantly."

"But your horse—he will hardly keep pace with our fresh ones."

"He shall at least try it, sir," said the stranger in a determined tone as he now received his horse from the expert water and sprang into the saddle.

In another moment the little cavalcade were clattering at full gallop up the road towards the settlement followed by a wagon containing another assistant and shrewd David with cords and iron hand cuffs to bind and secure the prisoner or prisoners.

Before following them we will pause an instant to bring up the events of our story as they occurred at the village before Ashley's unexpected arrival.

David it seems had proceeded directly to the village on leaving May that morning. On arriving there, still at a very early hour, he immediately went to search out Mundle and Johnson, the executive and judicial functionaries of the law to whom he applied on his previous visit to the village but both of these gentlemen had just ridden out, and to his vexation, nobody could tell where they had gone or when they would return. Without the least thought of yielding to this disappointment the trusty little messenger awaited their coming many long hours in an agony of impatience and anxiety. And it was not till about noon that he caught sight of them approaching. He flew to meet and detain them

on the road till they had listened to his whole story.

"Well my lad," said Mundle after he had satisfied himself by many now readily answered enquiries, "you have told your story this time as you should do to have us believe it; though I see you were not to blame for not doing so the other day—I have had some hints of this money digging up there before and suspected Monkey; but good God! Johnson, would you have believed there could have been found a man in Vermont guilty of the baseness of Martin towards a girl who has all the claims of a daughter? Thank heaven, however, there is time enough yet to stop all this, by just erasing my gentleman bridegroom and his friend before they dream of such accommodations. Come, on to our dinners—then make out a warrant, Johnson, in no time—I will be ready to take it before it is dry; and you, my boy, home with me,—you deserve a dozen dinners for your faithfulness to that noble girl."

After an hour spent in waiting for and eating his dinner, and another or two in looking up forms and writing a warrant, the dilatory justice was about bringing his labors to a close, when in came the merchant holding in his hand a couple of counterfeit dollars which he said had just been passed at his store by a man from Harwood settlement, and demanded a warrant for his apprehension before he left the place. Here was an interruption that was not to be avoided, and David who had determined not to leave the ground till he saw the sheriff on his way, and who watched the slow progress of the justice with the most restless impatience, as he now saw them drop the business, which was his only concern, and proceed to this new case, lost all control of his feelings and fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. After a while, however, which seemed another age to the poor boy, both warrants were finished, and the sheriff despatched to arrest in the first place the last discovered candidate for his greeting favors. But, though Mundle performed his duty much more expeditiously than the other, it was yet nearly five in the afternoon before he had secured the prisoner, placed him in custody of others before the court at the tavern, and got relieved from his charge in order to proceed to the settlement which he was just on the point of doing when Ashley rode up to the door.

We will now follow the sheriff and his posse proceeding on with furious speed to a more interesting scene of action.

Proceeding with all the speed they could urge, being led on by Ashley with burning with impatience to reach the abode of his periled mistress before forever too late, kept several rods in advance calling loudly and repeatedly on the rest to come on, they had not gone half their distance before their horses, now reeking with sweat and covered with sheets of foam, began to manifest great distress, and show evident signs of giving out, unless speedily relieved to relax.

"Hold! hold up!" Ashley, exclaimed Mundle, "this will never do—we gain nothing by this. With this speed, and in such a stifling heat as this, two miles more and our horses drop dead under us. And yours will be the first to fall, see! how he already falters!" A moment's consideration convinced Ashley of the justice of the sheriff's remarks and they all immediately relaxed into a moderate trot. It had been throughout, as before remarked, a day of unusual heat and sultriness. And now, although the sun had been for some hours obscured by a deep haze slowly gathering over it, the heat was still painfully oppressive. The atmosphere indeed seemed every moment to grow more murky and suffocating. "Not a leaf, even of the ever-trembling aspen, responded to a single vibration of the denuded air, while the birds sat pining, listless and mute on boughs, scarcely moving at the nearest approach of man. And all nature seemed sunk into one of those lethargic calms so ominous, in the warmer latitudes, of the coming tempest. Nor, in the present instance were the more palpable indications of a thunder storm much longer waiting. Every moment darker and broader sheets of vapor rose up majestically from the west, casting a deep and more lurid shade over the earth; and soon the low, deep peals of muttering thunder came booming on the ear, increasing each instant in loudness and frequency. The company, now beginning to be observant of the approaching shower, soon came on to the top of a high knoll which gave them, over the tops of the intervening forest, an open and unobstructed view of the western horizon. One broad, black mass of upheaving clouds lay directly in front, extending round on either side to north and south as far as the eye could reach; while in the centre of this fearful rack a huge column of vapor, doubling and eddying like a seething caldron, was rolling up with the blackness and rapidity of the smoke of burning pitch.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Mundle glancing at the scene before him, "in fifteen minutes that terrific cloud will burst upon us in the fury of a tornado—it is but two or three miles now—our horses will stand it in the freshening breeze—let us clear the woods at least before the tempest strikes us." And they again applied whip and spur and put their horses upon a keen run.

Leaving them here to get on as they may, we must now return to our long neglected heroine to account the occurrences of the day at Martin's. Slowly to her passed the anxious day which was destined to be the last for her ever being known by the name of May Martin. This forenoon was mostly occupied in making such sanitary preparations as Mrs. Martin chose to direct for the reception of the company at the expected ceremony in the evening. In all these May assisted with a sort of unnatural alacrity, but with a great degree of composure as her troubled feelings would permit her to assume. As noon approached she expected every moment to hear the tramping of horses at the door as the fruits of her message, which she supposed must have been delivered hours before. But noon and after came and still no tidings from the village were heard—no signs of either messenger or the success of his message were discoverable. Often and vainly did she strain her aching sight towards the woods in the direction whence the expected succor was to appear to catch a glimpse of approaching horsemen. One o'clock, two, and three passed, and still they came not. Perhaps they might have been led by David round in the woods to the cave without coming into the clearing—perhaps Gow was already secured and on his way back to the village—and the thought, this hope grasped thought for a while relieved her. But even this faint gleam of consolation soon vanished by the appearance of Gow himself, come to dress and prepare for the ceremony with a hint from Mrs. Martin that it was time she had begun to dress herself for the company, May now retired to her room, and carefully fastening the door, flung herself on her bed in an agony of grief and despair. But impelled by the painful consciousness that the crisis was at hand when she must yield to her fate or speedily do something to avert it, and now fast relinquishing all hope in the success of the plan on which she had been relying for her extrication, she soon roused herself and summoned all her energies for deciding what course to pursue on the fearful emergency. Could she trust herself to carry into effect one of the alternatives she had resolved on in failure of Gow's arrest, that of denouncing him and resisting the proceeding of the ceremony? Could she command her feelings sufficient to do this—should she not be overawed by Martin and his wife? And even should she make the attempt would her story gain credence, after keeping so long silent, and suffering the affair to glide along to the hour of consummation without making known her situation? The more she reflected on this project the more did her resolution waver. She had a female friend who had not long since married and settled on the road a few miles north of Harwood settlement, and her resolution was soon formed to attempt to escape from the house and try to reach the residence of her friend that night. Scarcely had she formed this resolution before distancing her eye up the road she beheld in the distance a man approaching on horseback, whom, from the color of his horse, she instantly recognized to be the minister who had been engaged to officiate on the occasion. She had seen him pass the preceding Saturday on his way to a town a short distance to the north where, at stated intervals he preached; and she but too well knew the reason of his happening along on his return at this hour. Now aware that not another moment was to be lost, she seized a common bonnet and cautiously letting herself down from her window which opened into the garden, glided through the shrubbery, swift and noiseless as the wild bird stealing to its covert, slipped through the fence, and, entering a field of tall grain immediately beyond, escaped unseen towards the woods in a northerly direction. On reaching the woods she paused a moment to glance at the clouds, which were now beginning to heave up over the tops of the mountains in heavy masses, accompanied at short intervals by the low, short, and scarcely perceptible rumbling of the distant thunder, affording her indubitable evidence of the approaching storm. But she hesitated not. What to her the scene she had just left, in which, but for her flight, she must soon be the principal actor!—Pursuing no longer than to decide how she should best shape her course to avoid all observation from the road and the open grounds on the right and prevent becoming entangled or bewildered in the depths of the wilderness on the left, she now plunged into the woods, and keeping just within their borders, pressed on with rapid steps towards her destination. She did not proceed far however before the occasional rustling of bushes and the crackling of sticks and brush breaking under the tread at some distance on her left apprised her of the presence of some one apparently endeavoring to keep pace with her for the purpose of dozing her steps. And soon catching a glimpse of his person in a glance over her shoulder as with quickened steps she pursued her way, the alarming truth at once flashed across her mind. It was the accomplice of Gow, the old man she had seen in the cavern who was following her. Calculating to leave the valley that night he had picked up, and having come down from his retreat, was awaiting, at a convenient stand at the skirt of the woods in plain sight of Martin's, a signal promised by Gow as soon as the knot was fairly tied, intending to depart secretly from the settlement the moment this evidence of the completion of their infamous work was displayed. And it was while standing here concealed from the view of others in a clump of bushes and patiently watching for the promised sign that he caught sight of May gliding into the woods but a short distance below him. Though soon conjecturing from the course she came that it could be no other than their intended victim, he yet suspected not that first her real object; and, thinking she might have come to the wood for the purpose of robbing some favorite shrub or evergreen to deck her room for the occasion, he suffered her to proceed some way before it occurred to him that she was actually escaping from their net. Unwilling on account of his own safety to cause any outcry which he was fearful she might raise if he made any attempt to detain her by force, he determined to get ahead of her and endeavor to frighten her back to the house. But in this he soon found himself misled; for instead of being able to get before her, he found much difficulty, so rapid was her flight, even in overtaking and

keeping her in sight. Resolving however not to lose the advantage of this, that he might dog her to the house where she fled for shelter for the night, and return and apprise his accomplice of the place of her refuge, he redoubled his exertions and succeeded barely in accomplishing this part of his purpose as far as the pursuer and pursued were permitted to proceed.

But to return to the wretched fugitive. Having been nurtured among the mountains, and accustomed from infancy to exercise in their invigorating breezes, her naturally active limbs had acquired an elasticity and a capability of enduring fatigue, which are unknown to females of older countries, and which came in good need on the present emergency. Fleeting, like some frightened nymph of heathen fable before a pursuing demon, her lips parted, her hands thrust eagerly forward, and her loosened and disordered tresses streaming wildly behind her, she bounded across over logs, rocks and rivulet with a rapidity which few only could have imitated, and which the desperate energy of desperation alone could have sustained. While every glance which at times she hastily threw back over her shoulder at the fearful visage forever peering through the bushes in hot pursuit behind her, added a fresh impulse to her exertions and quickened her speed. The thunder now burst in terrific peals over her head—all trees were uprooted and hurled to the earth by the furious blast, or shivered in the fiercely quivering blaze of the lightning, fell in fragments around her; yet she paused not in her course—the rain poured in a deluging torrent over her drenched person, yet she heeded it not; but catching the big drops in her parched lips as they gratefully bent over her fevered and burning brow she fled on—an, regardless of all exposure and forgetful of all dangers but one.

Having now passed the last house of the settlement, she, just as night and cloud were fast combining to spread their dark mantle over the earth, varied her course, and struck obliquely into the road. Here, pausing an instant in doubt whether to fly to the nearest house, or go on in pursuance of her original determination, she instinctively caught the form of her pursuer, who had struck into the road some distance below her, & thus cut off her chance of return. Nerving her self once more for the trial, she pressed on up the road for her first destination, now about two miles distant, with no other means of distinguishing her way than what the occasional flashes of lightning afforded.

Although the rain immediately overhead had now sensibly abated, yet the deep, earth-jarring roar on the left, as if from the incessant pouring of a cataract, plainly told that the storm was still spending its force with unexampled fury on the mountains. And the proof of this soon became visible to our heroine in the rapidly increasing torrents that came rushing down the steep acclivities, overflowing the road and threatening at every step to put an entire stop to her progress. Arriving at length at the northern outlet of the valley where the mountains shut down so close to the pond as to leave little more than space for the road to pass between them, she came abreast of one of the mountain ravines, where, at ordinary times, a small brook crossed the road. It was now swollen to a rushing river, before which no human strength could have stood an instant. To attempt to pass this she saw was but madness; & as she heard the splashing footsteps of her pursuer but a short distance behind her despair now for the first time sent its chill to her heart. But while standing on the brink of the dashing flood, which at every wave rose higher and higher, hesitating whether to commit herself to the raging element, or the scarcely less dreaded power of her pursuer, a flash of lightning revealed to her sight a shelving rock jutting out from the side of the hill a few rods back, and so aloof from the road and screened from it by intervening boughs as to afford her, she believed, if reached unseen, a good concealment from her indefatigable enemy and a safe retreat from the waters which were now rising around her with the most frightful rapidity. Making directly for the hill, & scrambling up the slanting rocks at the foot with the expiring energy of despair, she gained the place and dropped down exhausted on the spot, just as another flash partially revealed to her sight the form of the old man hurrying by, and rushing up to the brink of the stream she had left but an instant before. Recalling from the view of the threatening and impassable torrent, and throwing one wild glance around him, in which horror for the supposed fate of his victim, and alarm for his own safety seemed equally mingled, he hastily retreated back along the road. But before he had proceeded many rods, the gathering and pent waters above, as if suddenly bursting through their opposing barriers, in a mighty torrent came rushing down a corre-pounding ravine beyond the ridge at a little distance to the south, and wholly cut off his retreat. Meanwhile the noise on the mountain every moment grew louder and louder. The deep, distant roar, as of pouring torrents, which had for some time been heard, now became mingled with the tumultuous crashing of falling forests, the hissing, swishing sounds of disturbed and churning volumes of water, and the slow, heavy, intermingling jir of vast bodies of matter just beginning to move. Nearer and nearer it came—and now the earth trembled and shook seemingly to his low foundations, as with gathering impetuosity, the mighty mass came rolling down the steep sides of the mountain directly towards the spot where the terror struck girl lay concealed, and her no less affrighted pursuer a few yards below, was running to and fro, vainly looking for some chance to escape. Again it became rapidly light, as from some steady kindling blaze above, which, growing more luminous and dazzling every instant, soon gleamed fiercely along the surface of the bubbling pond, and flashing broad and

bright over the opposite mountains; lit up the whole amphitheatre of encircling hills, from the darkness of midnight to the splendors of noon-day. Starting upon her feet May looked around her in mute consternation. Nearer and more deafening rose the tremendous din above her—roaring, crashing, grinding along, with concussions that made the solid earth heave and bound beneath her feet; down came the avalanche with fearful velocity towards her. In another instant the mighty mass, dividing on the solid ledge beneath which she stood, began to rush by her on either side in two vast, light turbid volumes, revolving monstrous stones and hurling trees over trees in their progress, and like some huge launch driving with amazing force into the receding waters of the pond—while at the same time the forest around and above her, waved, shook, toppled and fell in an awful crash on the rocks over her head. She saw, she heard no more, but sank stunned and senseless on the ground. And, passing from the insensibility occasioned by the shock into a profound sleep, which, without a full recovering of her consciousness, immediately stole over her the moment her overstrained faculties ceased their exertion. She lay till the great struggle of the elements was over, & the storm passed by. At length, however, she slowly awoke. The dreadful tumult that last assailed her conscious ear was now hushed, and all was still save the steady rushing of the diminished waters. The stars shone out brightly, giving her a dim view of the wild scene of havoc and desolation which the fearful power of the avalanche had spread around her. The trunk of a large tree lay directly across the rocks within a few feet of her head. She saw how narrowly she had escaped death, and she devoutly thanked heaven for the preservation. A faint groan issuing from the ruins a short distance from where she lay, now reached her ear. It was the poor wretch who had caused all her trials, now lying wounded and buried beneath the top of the same tree that had spared his intended victim. But before she had time to indulge in the tingled emotions which this was bringing over her, she heard voices. Presently lights appeared on the pond, and a boat with several men shot along the shore directly against her. It passed in its course, and some one repeated loudly her name. Did she hear rightly? Else why did the tones of that voice thrill through every fibre of her frame? She shrieked in reply, and tried to move but her benumbed and worn limbs refused their office. The call came again, "May! May!" "Oh, Ashley, Ashley," she articulated in broken and agonized utterance. The men sprang on the shore and in a moment more she was clasped in the mute embrace of her lover.

One more and for the last time we change the scene of our eventful story to the place where we commenced it, at the dwelling of the heartless, despicable, but now detected and self-abased Martin. Need we attempt to describe the disappointment of the excited and enraged lover, as bursting into the house at the head of his companions just as the tempest struck it, he made the discovery which the inmates had made but a moment before, that his affianced was missing? The utter discomfiture of Martin and his congenial helpmate at this unlooked for interruption of their plans, and detection at the very eve of consummating their baseness? The consternation of Gow at being seized and securely ironed on the spot? The bitter upbraidings heaped by Ashley on the heads of the guilty and shrinking pair for their treachery towards him, and their oppressive cruelty and wickedness towards the unprotected child of their adoption? The feverish impatience with which he paced the floor till the storm should abate that he might fly to the neighbors, to some of whom it was supposed the poor girl had fled for refuge? The hot haste with which he mounted his horse the first moment the fury of the tempest would permit, and rode from house to house with eager search?—The blank dismay and agony of heart that overwhelmed him on finding that no one had seen her, and that she was not sheltered by any house in the settlement?—The prompt rallying of the startled inhabitants—the dancing of lights in every direction as they anxiously continued the search in house and barn, field and forest through the gloomy hours of that dreadful night? The consternation of the distracted lover on coming to the frightful ruins of the avalanche, at the maddening thought she might be buried beneath them—his hasty return and procurement of a boat to pass round the insurmountable mass that blocked up the road—the extacy of joy that thrilled his bosom at first discovery of the lost one, and the exulting throbs of heart-gushing happiness with which he and his companions bore back the living prize, together with the dying wretch who had caused all her misfortunes, to the nearest house for resuscitation and refreshment before proceeding homeward? Need we attempt to detail all this? What reader of imagination so dull that he cannot better fill up for himself, a picture so difficult for pen to delineate?

It was daylight and a beautiful baby morning. The scene from Martin's presented in every direction a gloomy picture of the desolating ravages of the tempest. Fields of grass and grain lay prostrate with the earth. Fences on every side had been swept away by the unexpected rise of the mountain revulves, and their scattered materials lay strewn at random over this blackened herbage of every vale. Each solitary tree of the open grounds, left for shade or ornament, had been hurled to the earth in the fury of the blast. And many a veteran hemlock and princely pine of the surrounding forests, whose giant forms had withstood the power of the elements for

A steady bright light is generally produced by the concussion of rocks while the avalanche is in motion.

centric, and whose towering tops had served from time immemorial as the familiar guides of the woodsmen starting from their homes, had been rent by the lightning or overthrown by the wind, and were no longer to be seen; while far in the blue distance at the north a broad whitish belt marked the fearful track of the avalanche down the mountain.

Within the walls of the house was assembled a group of persons as various and dissimilar in character and feelings, as the singular case that brought them together. On a low bench in one corner of the room, sullen and silent, sat Gow, heavily ironed closely guarded by one of the stout, athletic assistants of the sheriff. In another place sat Martin and his wife with their eyes cast dejectedly on the floor, listening meekly and with deep abasement of demeanor to the remarks of the clergyman, who, having remained through the night, was now mildly setting before them, not only the wrong the deception which had been practised upon him in hiding the circumstances of the marriage, in the advancement of which he had been so unwittingly enlisted, but the great heinousness of using such arts to compel a poor unfriended orphan under their protection to violate those vows to her lover which they themselves had sanctioned, and wed a man so abhorrent to her feelings that she had braved and but too probable met death in trying to avoid the fate. Learning pensively against the window, stood the handsome stranger, who yesterday joined Ashley on the road, and who, though no one yet knew his business or even name, had through the whole night taken a deep and active interest in the search for the lost favorite of the valley, now listening to the words of the minister addressed to the humble dupes of the man in iron before them, and now casting wistful and uneasy glances through the window towards the north in which direction he, as well as all the rest of the present company supposed the search was still going on.

Presently a distant hum as of the mingled voices of many persons approaching with rapid steps down the road reached the ears of the company. It came nearer and nearer; and all, except Gow and his guard, now hastily rose and went out into the yard. A band of all ages and sexes, scattered confusedly along the road, according to their different powers and disposition for speed, were flying towards the house headed by shrewd David many rods in advance, exultingly shouting with all his might, "May is found! May is found! They are coming! they are coming!" And the little fellow now reaching the anxiously expectant group at the door, and pointing to two approaching wagons in the distance, fell down in utter exhaustion, and gave vent to his overflowing emotions in a burst of tears.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the stranger, the first to find utterance in the general emotion seemed to spread sympathetically from the boy to every person present.

"Amen—and to Him be the praise!" responded the minister in the deep and reverential tones of his office.

The foremost waggon travelled much faster than the other, and being considerably forward of it, had by this time approached to within a short distance of the assembled company, now composed of nearly all the inhabitants of the settlement, awaiting its arrival in breathless silence. And now it turned into the yard. It contained Ashley and the recovered fair one. She looked worn, and much paler than usual, otherwise calm, though thoughtful. Her lover lifted her from the carriage, and advancing with her at his side, would have spoken, but his lip began to quiver, and waving his hand mutely presented her to the company. The females rushed round, and by turns convulsively clasped her in the arms, or buried their faces in her bosom, with no other utterance than their violent sobbing as they held her in mute embrace, or turned away to hide their streaming tears. The men stood by and looked on with less boisterous manifestations of emotion, though the big tears were seen starting in many an eye, and cursing down many a manly cheek as they silently gazed on the moving scene before them. While this scene was acting, the other waggon, driven by Mandie, and containing the wounded man stretched on a bed in the bottom of the vehicle, the latter person having been brought here by his own earnest request, now slowly passed into the yard.

"Bring out a few pillows, or something to make a bolster," said the sheriff, in the tones of one accustomed to command, "this poor wretch is very evidently near his last breath and has something to say before he leaves the world forever. Here! help to lift him out, bed and all. And bring out likewise the prisoner, Gow, that they may be confronted together."

These orders being promptly attended to, the wounded man was carefully lifted from the wagon and placed in an easy position in the open air. He first pressed his hand to his forehead, and then opening his eyes and looking slowly round on the countenances of those standing immediately about him, said faintly—

"I heard them say there was a stranger here, who had enquired for May Martin, and seemed to take an interest in her fate. Is he now present?"

The gentleman thus enquired for, who hitherto stood back a silent though attentive spectator of all that had passed, now stepped forward.

"It is so," said the former after letting his languid eyes rest a moment on the face of the stranger, "it is even as I suspected—Mr. Harwood—Frank Harwood?"

"You call my name, sir," replied the stranger, closely scanning the pale and livid features of the man lying before him, "You call me rightly, but I do not now recollect where, or when, I may have met with you."

"Do you not remember your father's former agent for this settlement, and the adviser and assistant of your youthful errors?"

"Colvin!" exclaimed the stranger in surprise, "Colvin!—can this be Richard Colvin?"

At the mention of that name all the oldest settlers stepped up and bending over the man, looked intently in his face.

"It is," they presently exclaimed, "it is Colvin, but oh how changed!"

"You say truly," rejoined the old man after a pause in which he seemed to be collecting his failing energies to speak further, "You say truly of the wretched object before you—changed indeed, but less changed in person than in guilt."

Franklin Harwood, in May Martin, the girl before you behold your own daughter!"

"My father?" uttered May in surprise.

"Her father!" exclaimed many voices at once. "Her father! Frank Harwood only son of the old proprietor, her father!" almost shrieked both Martin and his wife at the same instant.

"Can this gentleman be my father?" again timidly asked May, looking up enquiringly to Ashley.

"It is the gentleman of whom I spoke, as we came along May," replied the latter. "I thought I half suspected something like this. And why not of so near a tie? See!" he continued with animation waving his hand to the spectators and pointing from the features of the father to those of the daughter. "See! did ever mirror that mellow while it truly reflects the landscape—did ever mirror throw back the softened picture more faithfully?"

"It is even so," said Harwood, now stepping and taking the hand of the unresisting and pleased girl. "It is even so—it can be no other than the too long neglected child of a much injured, though lawfully wedded mother, who I trust, at this auspicious moment is looking down from her place in heaven to forgive and bless, in the pleased witnessing of this late union of father and daughter. And if she," he continued with an affectionate smile, "if she of heaven can do this, what says my fair child of earth?"

A sweet smile broke through the starting tears of the daughter in reply.

"Let me proceed," said the wounded penitent, "I know—I feel that I have but a few more moments left me, and I would improve them in undoing as far as I can, the mischief I have done—I now grieve to say, deliberately done. You men and owners as you have thought yourselves, of this settlement, you more than others, in my dark career of crime, have injured. Under pretended ownership of this valley, I gave you false and worthless titles to the lands which you now occupy and which, till within a few months became appraised of his son's former clandestine marriage and a living offspring somewhere in Vermont, bequeathed them all before his death, as I accidentally learned, to this abused and persecuted girl. Would to heaven I had remained ignorant of the fact, for it led to my second offence against you. Not content with having once defrauded you out of the price of your farms, and proved treacherous to my patron to whom I represented these lands to be so worthless, that he on this account, and owing to family trouble and growing infirmities, never afterwards enquired about them or employed others to look them up—not content with this double fraud, I laid a second plan to rob you of all of these farms at a blow, or make you, pay for them again, by getting them into the possession of my associate, and young pupil in crime, your prisoner, by means of cheating the unconscious owner into a marriage with him, before he would should become known here, or she apprised of her true position and standing, and thus inflict another irreparable injury on the worthy family of my early patron. Nor was even this enough for me—I must fetch a large sum of money from a number of you, in making you pay my associate and equal sharer in all the booty gained or to be gained by our wicked plot, for his pretended skill in helping you to discover a fancied treasure, for the effecting of which I scrupled not to expose you to the law by burying for your finding, a few counterfeit dollars of my own make. And now having freely confessed all, the only atonement I can offer for my aggravated injuries is in declaring the innocence of the defrauded men in possessing the false coin, and in restoring the good money taken from them; my share of which you will find in my pockets—the rest about the person of the prisoner, who I hope will speedily forget the lessons of wickedness I have taught him, and learn wisdom from my melancholy fate. And as to your land I can only recommend you to the mercy of your own right owner, or Mr. Harwood, her natural guardian, or, he continued glancing at Ashley, or him who, I suppose, is soon to be her legal protector."

"It is but right," said Ashley, stammering and confused at the evident allusion of the last speaker, and endeavoring to withdraw his arm from his fair partner, "it is but right—but honorable, that in this strangely altered aspect of affairs, I should relinquish to Miss Harwood, as we must now call her, all claims she may have given me as May Martin."

"But supposing," replied May, still clinging to the arm of her lover with a countenance radiant with smiles and blushes, "but supposing Miss Harwood should not choose to release Mr. Ashley from his engagements to May Martin?"

"At least May," rejoined her lover with starting tear and grateful smile, "At least May, we have a new consent to ask and obtain now."

"And it will not long be withheld," said Harwood with a gratified look. "Your manly confidence, Mr. Ashley, has confirmed the highly favorable impression I had conceived of your character, and even without this, I know not that I should ever have attempted to surrender those whom God has so evidently put together."

While this tender scene was passing most of the settlers, astonished and dismayed at the unexpected intelligence they had just heard, had withdrawn from the spot in silence, and were standing in the background, with blank and disconcerted countenances, leaving the happy little group of father, daughter, lover, person, sheriff, and little David, about the only persons, whose interest were not unfavorably affected by the development, by themselves indulging in the joyous emotions to which the occasion gave rise, and the three last named especially, giving vent to their feelings in pious ejaculations, hearty congratulations, and half suppressed exclamations of unbounded delight, according to their respective characters. Their attention was now arrested however by a faint groan from the old man. They turned—he had just breathed his last. The falling of some body, followed by the loud shriek of a female within the house, now suddenly struck on their startled ears. All rushed to the open door. Martin lay weltering in his blood on the floor with his throat cut from ear to ear, and writhing in the agonies of a death, which, in a paroxysm of remorse, shame and desperation, his own hand had inflicted.

Ten years had rolled away: when one day a

meek looking and plainly dressed stranger on

his back was seen, with a hesitating air, turn

ing into the same yard where the closing scenes of

our tale took place. A large two story building

with corresponding out house, now occupied the

former site of Martin's dwelling. A sturdy young

farmer; of perhaps twenty five, was in the new

improved and handsome yard to which two ruby

faced little boys, of the probable ages of six and

eight years, now to shout with bow and arrow.

"May I ask who at present resides here?" timidly

asked the stranger.

"Judge Ashley," was the free reply.

"And these pretty boys—are they his?"

"The are, Sir."

"I once knew something of the people of this

valley—and I trust I shall be excused for making

some enquiries concerning them. How is Mr.

Ashley esteemed in the world?"

"Esteemed!—ha!—the very first in it in

the county!"

"And your name—may I ask it?"

"Certainly—David Butler—never ashamed to

tell it in my life."

"And have you not a farm to you, by this time, from

your own earnings?"

"Hardly—from my own earnings—and yet I

have a lot of the finest wild land in the settle-

ment, and I'll tell you how I got it. You

know, that is if you heard of it, that about ten

years ago there was a sort of uprising here, and

change of owners. Well, Mrs. Ashley that now

lives in the house, her noble heart gave me this lot

of land for services she rendered me at the time

of this trouble—I could tell you all about it, but I

suppose you have heard of the money digging af-

fair, and what then happened?"

"I have—what happened at the time, but not

after. What became of the old occupants who

then lost their farms?"

"Why Martin, you see, being the best judge of

what he deserved, like a sensible man, cut his

throat on the spot; and the judge and his wife

thought, considering, it would be no more than a

fair shake to take his farm, after helping out his

swindled widow—two of the money diggers ran

away more scared than hurt, and their farms were

also taken; and as to the rest, the judge let them

off easy, paying them for their little services, as

much as their whole farms were worth, 'twas said.

Well he could afford to do it, for all the wild

lands of the valley fell to him, besides his father

in law, dying soon after, left him all his property

—that is about half of it, giving the rest to the

charities. And now, seeing you have rather

a free knock of asking questions yourself, sup-

posing I ask you one! What is your name?"

"Do you not recollect me?"

"Why—no—and yet seems to me I've seen

your mortal phiz somewhere."

"You once had good reason to remember me—

and I wish I could say with you that I have never

been ashamed of my name—I am Gow!"

"Gow! Gow! that same Gow? who—o—o—

rah! You that I have had reason to remember

you—your coming brought me that righteous lot

of land which I would be at work on to-day, if the

Judge would consent to let me leave him. Yes,

yes, you made my fortune if the devil did send

you—but what in all nature has brought you back

again?"

His request being complied with, he lifted his

tearful eyes to heaven and ejaculated in broken

utterance—

"O my Father above, who could forgive me,

the vilest of the vile, and bless one so utterly sin-

ful and lost, with those blessings and prosper these thy

servants—their little ones and all that is theirs—

not only in the things of the life, but in that light

and love which is here our only durable happi-

ness, and hereafter our heaven."

Casting one long and mournful look on the

happy pair, and bowing a mute farewell, he slowly

rode away and was seen no more.

His request being complied with, he lifted his

tearful eyes to heaven and ejaculated in broken

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 5, 1834.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

It has been a great argument with the Federalists, that if the Independent Treasury Bill was in operation, specie claus and all, it would create two currencies, one for the Government and another for the people. "Specie for the office holders and rags for the people." But how it will create two currencies is more than we can understand. The Constitution guarantees to every citizen of the United States the right to demand the payment of his dues in Gold and Silver. He can be compelled to receive no other currency in payment of his dues. No law, State or National, can wrest from a citizen this privilege. Why, then, to place the Government upon an equal footing with an individual, should it not be allowed the same privilege. Why should it to receive paper "promises to pay" when the private individual may lawfully demand the specie.

The truth is the Federalists have only selected one of their old tricks. They change the Democratic name with wishing to create two currencies, when it has been their own end and aim, for years, to accomplish the same thing, or to have a currency exclusively of paper. They wish to make the condition of the public one far worse than that of the private creditor, and subject the National Treasury to heavy loss in a depreciated paper. To compel the Government to receive a depreciated paper in payment of its dues. That is accomplished, in order to be consistent, they should then insist that the private creditor should be compelled to receive payment of dues in like manner. Specie would then be hoarded from the bank. The Federalists would then have a most "expensive currency," consisting entirely of "rags" and their business, the banks, would be able to expand and contract, to accommodate special orders, without danger of bursting or collapse.

But however much such a state of affairs may be coveted by the Bankers and the Federal party generally, we believe that the Democracy of our country have again, in the recent elections throughout the country, in a manner which cannot be misunderstood by them or the next Congress. Their voice, coupled with the recent failures of the Banks, led by the "Great Regulator," present arguments strong in favor of the Federalists, and the adoption of the Independent Treasury System. The people themselves demand that their Treasuries should consist of something more substantial than the mere "promises to pay" of individuals, or chartered companies. They demand Gold and Silver, the Constitutional currency of the country. There will then be no danger of embarrassment to the operations of Government from the rash speculations of the Banks or their customers. The specie basis of the country would then be enforced, and a healthy restraint be imposed upon Banking Institutions, and the finances of the country have something of permanency in their character.

THE WHIG REMEDY AND WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR US.

In 1833-4, in consequence of the withdrawal of the National Banks from the U. S. Bank, the circulation of the latter fell, and a sudden and unaccountable depression of business ensued, with the avowed purpose of appealing to the people, not by argument, but by suffering! The consequence was a depression of all the commercial points of the country, and the remedy prescribed by the Whigs, was most abundantly applied to the sick in pain.

The natural consequence of this medicine, was a free exportation, and the way that money went from that year to 1834, could not be better. The excess of speculation and the consequent amount of capital wanted, created a most violent demand for money. Merchants neglected their legitimate business, and became dealers in bank and stock, and of their regular dealings in stock paper, paid attention, they neglected long paper, secured by land and mortgage. The patient, the body politic, in a state of sublimated frenzy, brought on by the excessive use of stimulating medicine, swallowed every new dose of paper credit, like so much strawberries and cream, until a stagnation of all the faculties took place—which stagnation could not in the opinion of the Whigs, be remedied, but by new and copious doses of more paper credit.

The broker followed the land dealer, as the shark follows the pilot fish. As he swallowed up all the resources of the debtor in usurious shaves, and the demand for money became every day more and more urgent—the quacks again prescribed, and the people swallowed, as in duty bound, another dose of—more paper credit.

As the cry of distress began to grow a little louder, the credit of the country was further loaded, with the debt of fifteen millions of dollars for unproductive lands. To meet these demands, or even to pay the interest, no remedy could be devised, which could meet the sanction of the penny-wise and pound foolish financial quacks, but—more paper credit.

Next, 18,000,000 dollars of property was destroyed by fire. Remedy—more paper credit.

Next, 15,000,000 excess of importation over the exportation of the country, and evidently so much more than was wanted for consumption. Remedy—more paper credit.

Next, pay day came, for all these demands, the catastrophe being hurried on by the division of the surplus revenue among the States, thereby throwing the whole resources out of balance, and to pay up, or so, or arrange in any way, so many debts, Mr. Bid-

dle prescribed, and the country again swallowed a dose of, more paper credit.

Then, consequent upon this state of things, a suspension of specie payments came upon the country, like a storm at sea, and the usual remedy was prescribed, and swallowed, more paper credit.

After a partial return of prosperity, brought about as usual, the country is still found burdened with debts, staggering under the accumulation of former years, what do the Whigs propose as a remedy? A National Bank and more paper credit.

And now, after a suspension of a portion of the banks in the Middle, Western and Southern States, headed by the "Great Regulator," who has brought it about by its over issues and over trading, draining the whole finances of the country, still the remedy is, a National Bank, and more paper credit.

A National Bank and more paper credit, is the remedy prescribed for all the evils occasioned by our excessive credit system. "Run to cure drunkenness," is the unfailing prescription. And so long as the people consent by their tacit acquiescence to this State of things, there will not be wanting political quacks and demagogues to flatter and strengthen their delusion, and ride into power, if possible, by such means. If, however, they should get their eye open to see the truth, and one would think they might when light is streaming in from all quarters, they must feel exceedingly grateful to those who have kept them so long in the dark. They will accept of a just fee for them, and I such one, we trust, as will forever deter them from a repetition in a similar manner.

A SORE PLACE.

Our federal opponents were never brought in contact with so rankling a thorn bush as the Independent Regulator. It galls them on every side, pierces to the quick under their finger nails, is more irritating than the teeth ache, and has entirely destroyed their self-complacency and amiability. One exclaims, away with the Bank, down with the useless thing; another, it is only a State Bank, and what could be expected of it; and a third, I was disappointed in its strength; and a fourth, Mr. Biddle is the greatest financier in the country; he predicted a second suspension if the banks resumed too, and his prediction is realized; and a fifth, it is all caused by the war of the Administration upon the currency.

Now it is very ungrateful in the Whigs to denounce and forsake Biddle's Bank in his distress, for it has been their most faithful auxiliary and ally, a faithful party in the Holy Alliance. And besides, has not Mr. Biddle saved all the merchants from insolvency and "dove them best when they suffered most?" He now sits in the midst of his vineyard weeping with a lacerated heart at the distresses of the merchants of the country, a sad contrast to the man once belling on his couch in marble palace "as a summer's morning." The Whigs are shamefully ungrateful not to pity and sustain him in the evil hour. They should keep up the stock of the bank as he kept up whig stock; they should take post notes at once from the U. S. Bank bills dollar for dollar, and cotton for all it cost the bank.

The Whigs do not exactly understand their own wants in bank and currency matters. Why don't they cry out at the top of their lungs for a Regulator? Aye, a National Regulator to regulate the U. S. Bank! Whig stock is rather low in the market about these days. There has been something of a lowering—Banger D. moved.

BOSTON BANKS.

The Boston Advertiser of Monday says—"We learn that in the city most of the banks discontinued a cashable demand during the last week, and that on Sunday the pressure was less severe than at the close of the preceding week. Although considerable amounts in specie have been taken from the banks, chiefly in moderate quantities, the receipts from time to time are nearly equal to what was taken away. We learn that on Friday an examination was made by one of the Bank Commissioners, when it was found that the quantity of specie in the several Banks of the city, was reduced from the amount held by them when the news was received of the suspension at Philadelphia, by about \$70,000, and there was a reduction during the period in the circulation, of about \$250,000. Since the examination above mentioned, we learn that the sum of \$85,000 in specie has been received from Philadelphia. The circulation of the banks of the city, after deducting the amount held by other banks, is less than \$2,000,000, and the specie between thirteen and fourteen hundred thousand dollars."

There are now eighteen states out of the twenty-six, a majority of the inhabitants of which are in favor of the present administration, and it is probable that three more, at least, will be added to their number before the Presidential contest—and yet the federalists are quarrelling, like so many cats, about the claims of their different candidates. This is truly laughable.—Hartford Times.

Some of the Federal papers try to make the Government responsible for the failure of Biddle's Bank. What nonsense! Mr. Biddle said, last March, that the Bank was in a prosperous condition—had no political discussions—and had returned from its controversy with government to its accustomed channels of business in peace. What has the government to do with the Bank since that time? How has it occasioned its failure? Will some of the Whig wiseacres tell us?

[Argus.]

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FOREIGN NEWS.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

Ry the packet ship Independence, Capt. Nye, which arrived at New York, on Tuesday night, the papers of that city have received London and Liverpool dates to the evening of the 28th Sept.

The Harvest.—Accounts are greatly at variance concerning the harvest. The weather for the ten days previous to the 28th, had been more favorable, and in some parts of the country, heavy crops have been got in, though in a somewhat damaged state. The papers, however, say that Wheat had been irretrievably injured, and that large orders for Grain have been sent to the Continent. Private letters, on the contrary, state that the Harvest is better than the papers represent it.

Money Matters.—A suspension of Specie Payments by the Bank of England, was freely talked of, and many believed would speedily take place. It was reported that the Bank had been compelled to seek assistance from Hamburg, similar to that obtained from the Bank of France. This belief was founded on that bills to a large amount, endorsed by an eminent house in Hamburg, in favor of the Chief Cashier of the Bank, had been paid by several houses in London.

The U. S. Bank Drafts, protested by Hottinger & Co. had been accepted at length by the House of Rothschild. They amounted to 10,000,000 of francs. Mr. Jaudon, however, had got into new difficulty, and had been compelled to obtain assistance from the Bank of England, as will be seen by the annexed paragraphs:

London, Friday evening, Sept. 27. The extraordinary event of yesterday—the application by the agent of the United States Bank to the Bank of England for assistance—occupies almost exclusive attention to-day. It appears that the more immediate necessity for such interference has arisen from the objection of the House of Hope & Co. of Amsterdam, to continue the arrangement entered into with Mr. Jaudon previous to the refusal of acceptance by Messrs. Hottinger & Co. of Paris, of the bills drawn in favor of the United States Bank. That circumstance it is said, has induced the House of Hope & Co. to pause, and to require further explanations from Mr. Jaudon relative to his facilities in Europe, before they can think it prudent to proceed. The Dutch firm are understood to act in this matter under the advice and partly under the control of a very eminent merchant, some years ago a leading Director of the Bank of England, of whose judgment in difficult questions of business the highest opinion is entertained.

London, Saturday, Sept. 28, half past 12.—The final arrangement for a loan of Consols from the Bank of England to Mr. Jaudon appears to have been at length completed, under the guarantee of four London firms, those of Baring, Morgan, Denton, and the opulent German firm Huth & Co., and the Liverpool house of Brown & Co. are deeply interested in the trade with the U. States. The sum required is now stated to be only £1,000,000. The manner in which the Bank has come forward has given great satisfaction, and it is generally thought that its disbursement of such a large amount of depreciated Stock will be a sensible relief to its coffers, especially if the vacuum is supplied by specie from America.

A deputation had been sent from the merchants of Liverpool to wait upon Lord Palmerston to ascertain from his lordship the nature of the guarantee which has been given by Capt. Elliot to the British merchants trading with them, many of whom have an immense amount of property at stake totally unconnected with the opium. The deputation is also empowered by the merchants of Liverpool to ascertain what measures of protection will be afforded in future to British traders with China.

Emigration to Texas, from England, appears to be one of the prevailing hobbies. A letter from Mr. Kennedy, who lately travelled in the U. S. & Texas, has been extensively published in England describing the advantages of the new republic in glowing terms, and strongly urging emigration. This has called forth a reply from Mr. Sturge, who rates the Texans roundly on the score of slavery.

France.—The treaty with Texas, was signed at Paris on the 25th of Sept but would not be published until ratified by the Senate of the republic.

Portugal.—In Portugal, a deep laid Gigueito conspiracy, has been discovered, which extended its ramifications throughout the kingdom. A number of individuals have been arrested.

Greece.—Greece is represented as in a deplorable state from the mischief inseparable from Bavarian protection. King Otto is said to have no respect whatever with his subjects, who regard him as unfit to govern.

BIDDLE'S POSITION.

If Biddle's bank, the great regulator, with a capital stock paid in by the stockholders of thirty five millions of dollars, could not fulfil its promises, and pay its bills when presented, it proves that Mr. Biddle is a poor financier. If his bank could pay, and refused to pay simply to make money out of the public, for the benefit of stockholders, it proves him a knave. He may take which position he chooses, to take his stand between them.—Boston Post.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

In another column we give an account of the reception of the President. There was no city style of display in the procession. The long line of honest working men on foot, who suspended their labors to give evidence of their affinity in feeling, and confidence in the Chief Magistrate, was a better homage to public worth than a grand display of "an array with banners." When we observed this unassuming body of men, who look for nothing from the President but a just administration of the high duties to which they have called him by their suffrages, giving their attendance on him as an evidence of their affection, we could not but contrast it with the pomp, and circumstance, which attends the footsteps of royal pageantry, purchased by means wrung from the hard earnings of the industrious, who are robbed to make the show, and whose alienated feelings were worth more than all the ostentatious homage that wealth could offer.

The late election results in the great agricultural regions manifested the deep hold which the President has in the hearts of the producing classes throughout the Union. Made strong by this support, we have no doubt he will be enabled, in the end, to effect the great measures to protect their interest, to which he has constantly and firmly directed all the constitutional power of his situation. If he can carry back the Government to its simplicity of purpose, and establish that standard which shall protect industry and property from the rapacity of the speculator, he will deserve the homage of every honest Republican for this and all future generations.

A QUESTION SETTLED. The question which has been mooted among the whigs in view of the anticipated nomination of Gen. Harrison for the Presidency, has been, not only whether he has the most available candidate, but whether he is really fitted to discharge the duties connected with the high office of President, if elected. Various opinions have been expressed upon this later point by the whigs themselves, some of them anything but complimentary to the General. One whig print, the New Orleans Sun, even goes so far as to call him "an old granny," and like ungentle names. But we congratulate the Federalists upon the close up of this fruitless source of contention. Gen. Harrison is a great man. Is proof demanded? We refer the sceptical reader to a speech made by Mr. Emory of Saco, at the Whig convention at Alfred the past week, wherein he stated, [according to the Herald] that he had seen Gen. Harrison, that he had heard him make a speech when he could have had no opportunity to prepare himself, and that he [Mr. E.] was astonished at his surpassing eloquence, &c. Now mark the climax. "If a great man, then I never saw one!" What whig dares after this, question the claims to greatness of the available here? If any dares he deserves to be invested with a red petticoat for his presumption.

These "silk stocking whigs of the old federal school," who, according to the Kennebec Journal, have heretofore refused to come into the support of Gen. H. perhaps upon the score of fitness, will consider their doubts dispelled, as Mr. Emory fully competent, to decide in the premises. Remember, if Gen. Harrison is not a great man, then he never saw one!—Saco Democrat.

AN EXPLANATION. We copy the following article from the National (Phil) Gazette:

A carriage containing two ladies, who represented themselves as mother and daughter, stopped at the outer gate of the Alms-house, over the Schuykill, on Thursday last, when the youngest informed the keeper that her mother was anxious to obtain a white child, an infant, if possible, to adopt as her own, she having lately lost one. She was shown several, and at last made a selection that pleased her, and requested permission to show it to her mother who was in the carriage, and if it suited her, they would obtain an order from the Guardians of the poor, and call in a day or two for it. The child was wrapped up in its cradle clothes and taken by herself to the carriage, and after a few minutes delay she returned and placed the babe where she found it, stating that they would call next day and take it away. The carriage was then driven off, and nothing further was thought of the transaction, until it became necessary to remove the child for some cause, it was discovered that the white child had been taken by the persons in the carriage, and a black one left in its place!

A Country Editor.—The Editor of the Venango Democrat has come to the noble determination to furnish the subscribers of that paper with no more food for the mind the supply him with food for the body. Hear him.

There will probably be no paper issued from this office next week. We are out of paper, out of money, out of credit, out of humor, out at the elbows, and our better half says she is out of four, out of five, and out of patience. These things must be remedied before we again issue a paper.

Mother wants to know as how if you will lend her two sticks of wood? Yes, the-e are a couple of logs—but you did not return the last No—and I won't them 'ere without you'll split 'em.

CONSERVATISM.—The address put forth by the late Co. servative State Convention holden in New York, makes the following assertion: "Under our present system of laws the PEOPLE ARE THE BANKS, AND THE BANKS ARE THE PEOPLE."

Conundrum.—Why is the United States Bank like a clock? Give it up? Cos she's run down and on't be wound up.

The Philadelphia Ledger speaking of Greenville Mellen as the author of a temperance ode, calls him a Water Melon.

CAUTION.

It may be well the public should know, that the Blue Ink which appears to be growing into general favor, is in part composed of one of the most poisonous substances in nature that is Prussian Acid; the ink being a solution of the pigment called Prussian Blue, which is a compound of Prussiate of Potash and Iron. This Ink, therefore, must be a very dangerous article in the hands of children, as well as grown people, who are in the habit of putting their pen in their mouth, in order to cleanse it. It is said one drop of this acid in its pure and uncombined state, when put even upon the nose of a rat, is sufficient to cause its immediate death. If, therefore, it must be introduced through we know of no advantage it has over the black; it may be well a knowledge of its qualities should also be known, that caution how they use it. Any one, by applying their nose to a bottle of this ink, can at once perceive the strong smell of the acid, as it resembles that of peach meats.

THREE CARD BACHELORS.—Smokers should never carry loco loco matches in their vest pockets. A young fellow, recently on a courting expedition, chafed his dearest so significantly, that the matches in his pocket by the pressure, burned off one of his whiskers, and stung the lady's eyebrows.

ON WHAT A MERRY HERRING!—We learn that a gentleman in this village, after having gathered his corn into the barn, where, for want of time to husk it, it was left for a day or two, had reason to believe that some of the light fingered gentry visited the heap, and appropriated some of it to their own use. He therefore cautiously guarded it one evening, when a couple of able-bodied men entered, and very deliberately commenced work! The owner immediately stepped forward, and told them to continue to husk until the corn was all out, or he would expose their names to the public. The thieves readily acceded to the proposition. *Hawthill N. H. Regis.*

VERY TRUE.—Advertising is to trade what steam is to machinery—the grand propelling, go-ahead power; and yet there are some persons so blind to their own interest, as not to ponder over a cent which yields them from a hundred to a thousand per cent.

A homicide of rather singular character was perpetrated last Thursday, near Syracuse. A pedlar, bending under the weight of his pack, encountered on one of the byroads of that region a foot-ped who demanded his money. The pedlar handed out his pocket book. "Is this all?" asked the robber. "No," said the pedlar. "Well then, fork up, and be quick!" The pedlar put his hand in his bosom, drew out a pistol and shot the robber through the heart. The body was recognized as that of a convict just discharged from the Auburn prison.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Oct. 22.*

SACRILEGIOUS WITH THE INDIANS. The Secretary of War has received information that an attempt is about to be made by some persons associated for that purpose in New York, to carry out to England, with a view of exhibiting them on speculation, a number of Indians of the Saco and Foxes. In order to protect them such a degradation, he has taken measures under the direction of the President, to prevent their abduction from the United States, and has requested the Collector of the ports of Mobile and New Orleans to give him information if any such attempt is made.

TANNERIES. The Kennebec Journal complains of the practice, which prevails at many tanneries, of extending hides on fences by the side of the highway, by which horses are often frightened, and sometimes become ungovernable. The complaint is a just one, and ought to be heeded. We have known several very serious accidents which were occasioned by the practice referred to.

"SETTING IN FOR A LONG STORM." "It looks like setting in for a long storm," is sometimes the expression of the weatherwise when the sky promises several days of bad weather. We are much mistaken if the Philadelphia banks are not setting in for a long suspension. What else is the meaning of the fact that the United States Bank is sending its notes payable on demand to this city, and buying up its post notes? It surely would not give out a note payable at a future day, unless it meant to put off the payment of all its notes beyond the time when the post notes will become due. It is setting in for a long storm certainly.—*N. Y. Ecce. Post of Oct. 19.*

CONSERVATISM.—The address put forth by the late Co. servative State Convention holden in New York, makes the following assertion: "Under our present system of laws the PEOPLE ARE THE BANKS, AND THE BANKS ARE THE PEOPLE."

Conundrum.—Why is the United States Bank like a clock? Give it up? Cos she's run down and on't be wound up.

The Philadelphia Ledger speaking of Greenville Mellen as the author of a temperance ode, calls him a Water Melon.

FATAL AFFRAY.

The Bangor Whigs gives an account of an affray which took place at Bucksport last Thursday evening. A party of young people were returning home from singing school in merry mood, when a man and two women, living in a house which the company passed, supposed themselves insulted, rushed out and attacked them. One of the sons stabbed one of the young men, who died in five minutes. The name of the person killed is Carr, and the person who killed him is Patten. The two Pattens have been arrested; the people turned out to the number of 200, to aid in securing them.

Small Pox in Lincoln County.—Up to last Tuesday the number of cases of Small Pox at Bucksport had been 55—deaths 8. One case has also occurred at Thomaston, but the Recorder says that no fears are entertained that the disease will spread further.—*Augusta Age.*

The Eastport Sentinel, a federal paper, in giving an account of the late election in Ohio, says:

"We wish the elections were over. We are tired of recording loco-foco victories,—which, as chroniclers of the events that transpire in the political world, we have of late been compelled to do upon the reception of election news from almost every State where elections have been held."

Bills of the Madona Bank, Waldoboro', Bank of Bennington, Vt. and Vergennes Bank, Vt. are not received at the Suffolk.

The name of the Yankee boy who repulsed the thirty Provincials in their contemplated storm of Fort Fairfield, is CORNOR, and he is only eighteen years old. The Queen's muskets taken away from these valiant men on their return to the 'Tobique, have been restored to them.—*Bangor Democrat.*

The federalists talk of abandoning the name of "whig," which they have about used up.—Some of the say they never have like it, their grandfathers having been hung by men called by that name in the revolutionary war.

Profitable Incarceration.—Nichols, editor of the *Buffalonian*, imprisoned for a libel, has roused the sympathies of the people of Buffalo who save him a Theatrical benefit, amounting to \$1,222. A good three months work for an editor. After the play was over, the multitude paid their respects to Mr. Nichols, and gave him three cheers, and a "good night," through the grates of the prison.

A Southern Merchant, in Albany, stopped to say some tender things to a coloured lady in that city, the other evening, and while he was holding his sweet discourse, she stole his pocket book, containing \$4000, and ran away with it.—the merchant, however, gave chase, and succeeded in recovering his property.

Interesting Question.—At a debating club, the question was discussed whether there is more happiness in the pursuit or possession of an object. "Mr. President," said a young orator, "suppose I was courtin' a gal, and she was for to run away, & I was to run arter, wouldn't I be happier when I catched her than when I was running arter her?"

If a person is bent on quarrelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of his unencouraged occupation. Even the most malicious ram will soon cease to butt against a disregarding object, and he will soon find his own head more injured than the object of his blind animosity.

If ever the emigrant and citizen of Maine shall fully appreciate the value of the soil of Maine, the value of location, the value of our resources—our almost exhaustless agricultural and mineral wealth—the importance of our sea coast—the riches to be derived from our rivers—the wealth in our forests, whenever all these shall be fully appreciated, Maine will become what she ought to be, one of the most prosperous States in the Union,—densely populated and one of the richest States in the Union. May the time be hastened.

[Portland Advertiser.]

An exchange paper wisely remarks, that no just affects the eyes so much as gold dust.—We might add, also, that no glasser affects the eyes more unfavorably than glasses of brandy.

Let no man find fault with an editor for writing foolish things, for there are so many papers now-a-days that all the good sense there is in the world would not half fill them.

From the N. Y. Evening Post. Please Mr Post, to Post this Note; A Post Note then 'twill be. Your neighbor of the Boston Post, Asks, "Biddle, where is he?"

ANSWER. Hi diddle diddle, 'Tis no longer a riddle, Mr Nicholas Biddle, Boke off in the middle, Playing Jeremy Diddle, And hang up his fiddle. J. M. M.

A COQUETTE.—When I hear of a coquette's marriage, I am reminded of the Doge's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," as the thief said when he dodged the Constable.

How to render ourselves agreeable.—The surest way of rendering ourselves agreeable to others, is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of them in us.

The Young Men's County Lyceum.

The Young Men's Oxford County Lyceum will be held, according to adjournment, at Paris 19th, on Wednesday, the 19th day of November next, in Lincoln Hall at 10 o'clock P. M.

Disquisitions by Dr. Thomas H. Brown. Question for Discussion:—Are the measures pursued by the Abolitionists of the Non-Resistance Policy, for the immediate emancipation of slavery in the United States, justifiable.

DISSEMINATORS. John Goodnow, Esq. John J. Perry, Esq. Asst.—Isaac Randall, Esq. Hon. David Hammond, Neg.

DIED.

In Buckfield, Mr. Levi Rogers formerly of Berwick, aged 85.

In Brunswick, Mr. Samuel Watts, 80.

In Winthrop, Mrs. Phebe, wife of Samuel Wood, Esq. 82.

In Anson, Capt. Josiah Norris, 55.

In Cape Elizabeth, Mr. John G. Jordan, 58.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Session to be holden at Paris, within and for said County, on the last Tuesday of Oct. 1839.

THE undersigned respectfully represent that public convenience and necessity require the location of a new road commencing near the outlet of North Pond in the town of Peru, and where the town road intersects the County road near the dwelling house of Joseph Bartlett—thence in the most feasible route (crossing said outlet) to the town house in Hartford—thence to intersect the County road leading from Paris to Augusta, in the vicinity of South Hartford Post Office—thence to strike the town road near Asa Co. Office—thence following said Turner road as now travelled till it intersects the County road leading from Livemore to Portland—near Martin Stream in said town of Turner.

Wherefore your Petitioners pray that after due proceedings had in the premises, you would view, and if practicable, locate said road or such part thereof as you in your wisdom may deem just and proper.

Hartford, Sept. 1839.

STATES OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Seth Harris Jr. in Turner on Tuesday the tenth day of December next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses; by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order of notice thereon to be served on the Clerk of said towns of Peru, Hartford, and Turner, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up three copies in three public places in each of said towns of Peru, Hartford, and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the year 1839 for County, Town, and School District taxes, and for highway duties, returned for the year 1838, in the bills committed to the undersigned, Collector of said Sweden, by the town Assessors, and remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

| Owner's Name. | No. of Lots. | No. of Acres. | Value. | Tax. | Highway. | School. | Total. |
|----------------------------|--------------|---------------|------------|-----------|----------|---------|-----------|
| Mathias Bidlon, in trust. | 52 | 2 47 | 150 01 | \$ 1.01 | | | \$ 1.01 |
| David I. Hamlin, in trust. | 8 | 100 23 | 2,02 10 45 | 12.10 | | | 12.10 |
| John Knight, Unknown. | 51 | 3 25 | 65 43 | 2.77 | | | 2.77 |
| | 51 | 3 50 | 65 43 | 2.77 | | | 2.77 |
| | 42 | 8 50 | 163 13 | 1.63 | | | 1.63 |
| | 42 | 10 23 | 163 13 | 1.63 | | | 1.63 |
| | 26 | 5 15 | 10 10 | 13 43 | | | 13 43 |
| | 125 | 2 50 | 160 87 | 91 1.53 | | | 91 1.53 |
| | 2 | 5 100 | 308 2.02 | 2.72 4.74 | | | 2.72 4.74 |
| | 29 | 3 180 | 300 2.02 | 2.72 4.74 | | | 2.72 4.74 |
| | 26 | 100 150 | 1.01 | 1.26 2.27 | | | 1.26 2.27 |
| | 1 | 21 50 | 1.53 | 1.63 | | | 1.63 |
| Gr. r. | 33 | 100 07 | | 1.63 | | | 1.63 |

John Howe.

The Collector will proceed according to law to sell at public Auction to the highest bidder, at the State of Ga. sage & Pay, in said Sweden, at one o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday, the nineteenth day of March next, so much of the said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

WM. WOODBURY, Collector.
Sw. Co., Oct. 31, 1839.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the post of administrator on the estate of

BARTLETT HODGDON, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving and as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are in debt to the said deceased's estate, to make full and true payment, and those who have any claims against the estate to bring the same to

EMMA HODGDON.
Bethel, Oct. 15, 1839. 3w12

NOTICE.

THIS may certify that I have this day relinquished to my son, Milton Austin, his time until he arrives at the age of twenty-one, so that he may act and do business for himself; and I shall pay none of his debts, nor claim any of his wages after this date.

Attest: Gibson Ellis. SMITH AUSTIN.
Canton Oct. 22 1839. 3w11

STRAY CALVES.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber about the 1st inst., five last spring calves, four of them Heifers and one bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

OSBORN KELLEY.
Paris, October 24, 1839. 3w11

Administrator's Sale.

DUSSANT to a license from the Hon. J. M. M. Esq. son of Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon all the real, personal and mixed estate of which Kate T. Russell, late of the County of Oxford, deceased, was seized at the time of her decease, in and to the real estate, which was occupied and improved on Bethel Hill in said Bethel. A more particular description of the premises, and the terms of sale, to be given and made known at the time and place of sale.

PHEBE K. RUSSELL, Adm'r.
Bethel, Oct. 24, 1839. 3w11

